

THE PACIFIC
Commercial Advertiser

WALTER G. SMITH - - EDITOR

THURSDAY MARCH 6

The storm shows some signs of abating, but not enough to justify any man in lending his umbrella.

People have something better to do nowadays than to spend their money on elections that do not elect.

There is a growing apprehension on the part of the Episcopalians here that Bishop Willis, when things come to a point on the first of the month, will say "April Fool."

The eagerness of the receiver to sell and to discharge laborers is one of many indubitable signs of the nigger or the nigger's brother-in-law in the farthest angle of the fence.

The assurance that the leper bill will not pass was hardly needed. Now that the House knows the Hawaiian Delegate and his willingness to introduce any kind of a bill for the sake of notoriety, his power to do mischief has pretty well gone. He is already a has been.

Representative Wheeler and others who are trying, with him, to get notoriety out of the visit of Prince Henry, misrepresent the American people when they lay the honors paid to the Prince to a spirit of flunkysm. The Prince is being treated as Germany and other European States treated General Grant when he made his tour of the world—as a national guest. To do otherwise than give him entertainment suited to his rank and to the nation he comes from, would be to convict the American people of boorishness. The obligation of courtesy to a visitor is not cancelled because he may represent ideas of government which differ from our own, or may hold a place in life for which a republican society has no equivalent.

SOUTH CAROLINA ETHICS.

The leopard does not change his spots nor the South Carolina politician his nature. There must be something in the air of the Palmetto State or in its social canons or in the blood of its people that induces its political leaders to prefer vanquishing even an academic opponent by force than by reason and argument. Preston S. Brooks was the favorite son of South Carolina because he struck down with a cowardly forenoon, Charles Sumner, the great foreign enemy of the slave power, and before Brooks, were half a dozen others who made violent "scenes" in the precincts of the capitol. Tillman, the present Senator, has been personally truculent from the day of his entrance to the public life of Washington, and his attack on McLaurin for resenting an insult, was quite what the public had the right to expect of him. Fortunately for the repute of Congress, the Senate and the President have met the crisis decisively. Both Tillman and McLaurin are not now recognized by the chair and the President has withdrawn the hospitalities of the White House from the Senator who began the fight. These actions mark a wholesome change of sentiment in Congress since the days when the South was in the saddle. Preston S. Brooks held corridor levees after his assault on Sumner, and was given a chance to make a theatrical and applauded exit from the House, to which he returned, triumphant, with new credentials. But as for Tillman there are none outside of the South to do him reverence, and even McLaurin, mid as was his part in the affair by comparison with Tillman's, must feel a keen sense of public disfavor.

It is most unlucky for the South that so many of its representative people hold to the social and political codes of the middle ages. From the semi-barbarism of that time they have borrowed a system of ethics which includes the feud, the duel, execution by private vengeance and the street collision. The rest of the civilized world has moved far away from these standards, and will have none of them, which is why the South lags in the rear of American progress. People begin to look at the "honor" smitten South as did the Europe of Cervantes' time upon the surviving frippery of knighthood, and are nauseated over these men who would dishonor themselves with homicide rather than meet an affront with the self-restraint of a gentleman. Perhaps when the war generation passes from the stage the truculence of the typical southern politician will moderate; but we fear that the baleful influence of "chivalry," so-called, will not disappear even in this century.

TAKING BIG CHANCES.

It is remarkable that the government should be willing to send a transport to sea, and especially on a journey across the Pacific, with no other motive power than that which is represented by one propeller. Where mechanical propulsion is so limited, a vessel should have enough sail power to keep her moving on a prescribed course in case either shaft or propeller has been rendered useless. In that way the Peking was saved nine years ago, after being seventeen days overdue; but if she had been as lightly equipped with canvas as the transport Warren, for example, she might have vanished in a storm like the ill-fated Condor. There is perhaps enough sail power on the Warren to keep her out of the trough of the sea, but not enough, by any means, to enable her to make port.

screws or, failing that, be square-rigged. Imagine the Warren, with shaft or propeller gone, drifting about 1,000 miles from anywhere in a vast, unfrequented sea where hurricanes and typhoons abound. What could she do? How long would her supplies feed a thousand mouths or more? Luckily she escaped on her way down from San Francisco with only a broken blade. Had the whole screw been lost, the weather which has lately prevailed on this ocean might have sent the Warren to the bottom.

THE AOMORI
DISASTER

AOMORI, February 7, 7:35 p. m.—The officers and men who were engaged in the search work now number 1,351 exclusive of those from the artillery corps. To the above number 197 were added from the infantry corps today.

An official report says that the officers and men who have been rescued so far number 17 (including those who died afterwards); those whose remains have been recovered and identified 69; those discovered dead but not identified 29; and those who are still missing 89.

PARTICULARS OF THE DISASTER. Captain Kuraishi has made a verbal report in connection with the disaster to Colonel Tsugawa, commander of the Fifth Regiment, and we give it below in substance:

"We (Captain Kuraishi says) bivouacked in a wood on the night of the 23rd ult. and we barely managed to withstand the cold by making fires with the charcoal which we had with us. After about nine o'clock the snowstorm became so furious that each company was obliged to take shelter in a hole over six feet deep which the soldiers had dug in the snow. Meanwhile the men in charge of the commissariat tried to boil rice but to their great vexation they found that even when they had removed the snow to the depth of about six feet they could not still reach the surface of the ground. They somehow or other managed, nevertheless, to cook the rice but they were only able to produce a pasty kind of food. The soldiers, however, could hardly have enough even of that. I (the captain) distributed the rice cakes which I had with me among the men under me but the cakes had turned into blocks of ice! Moreover, I portioned out some quantity of sake which I also had about me and gave it to the soldiers but none of them dared to take a drink fearing the cold they might suffer from afterwards. On the following morning at about three o'clock we resumed our march. The storm was still raging and the blinding flakes of snow flew so fast that we could not see an inch before us. Icicles hung from our moustaches, eyebrows and eyelids and our eyes were almost frozen fast.

"All this while the soldiers dragged themselves along, their rifles slung on their backs and their hands folded under their arms, shivering and tottering. As the hours went by every one of the party became stiffened with cold and unable even to take care of himself, especially Lieutenant Nakano, thus showing the terrible nature of the great trial we were going through. Still we moved bravely onward each supporting the other. We tried to keep up our spirits by singing some lively war song. Gradually, however, some of us became numb to unconsciousness during the march and we tried our best to drag these along with us. Thus we braved the terrible weather with wonderful fortitude till about 3 o'clock in the afternoon when the fatigue of the march began to tell greatly on all of us, and so we were obliged to leave, though reluctantly, those who had fallen behind us. At the close of the day we found that we had lost one-fourth of the whole party.

On the 25th at about 3 in the morning we resumed our march, but having lost our way we again returned to the spot where we had encamped the night before. The disappointment we felt at this doubly increased our fatigue and about thirty of us died. Major Yamaguchi, our commander, fell unconscious at about 7 a. m. and it was with difficulty that we restored him to consciousness. Of course, we could get no fuel thereabouts wherewith to make a fire, and we collected a few knapsacks carried by the dead soldiers and burnt them. This was the fire which warmed our commander again to life. But alas! the Major fell unconscious again on the following day but we could not make any further delay. Leaving a number of men with the Major, we set out separately in various directions in the hope of finding our way home. We—I and my men—were passing near Sainokawara on the 27th to meet the other parties when we came across those of Capt. Kannari, Lieut. Nakano, Sub. Lieut. Suzuki and Sub-Lieut. Imazumi. We had a conference among ourselves and as a result of it Capt. Kannari's party proceeded to the elevated part of the place to search for our comrades and ours to lower part for the same purpose. Just before our departure Major Yamaguchi, who must have recovered from the unconsciousness of the preceding day, came up to us followed by one private. Thus joined by our commander we made our way down the precipitous slope on the side of the Komagome river. Here Lieut. Nakano was frozen to death while Sub-Lieut. Imazumi and one non-commissioned officer were lost in the valley below.

Early on the morning of the 28th we attempted to go onwards only to be prevented by the Komagome river. We were thus obliged to get back to our former position. Now we were all determined to meet our fate bravely and I took shelter in a recess under an overhanging rock. As for Major Yamaguchi, he remained in a position nearest to the river and as my place of refuge was thought to be better protected than the commander's, I offered it to him. But his resolution was firm, and he would not accept my offer. On the 29th we were joined by Lieut. Ito and one man and on the 30th by Privates Ohara and Goto. We took our turn attending our commander as well as we could, and every time we inquired after his condition, the only reply given us was, "Have I to live still?" Such being the case I once ventured to ask our commander if he wished to say anything before dying.

country, and to his dear family. "No, no!" was his invariable answer. At this writing 198 corpses have been found.

Horrors of the Earthquake.

BAKU, Transcaucasia, Feb. 17.—Details which are slowly arriving at Baku from Shamaka show that 2,000 persons, mostly women and children, perished as a result of the earthquake last week, and that 4,000 houses were destroyed. Thirty-four villages of the country surrounding Shamaka also suffered.

To add to the terrors of the neighborhood a volcano near the village of Marasy, eastward of Shamaka, has broken out into active eruption. A great crevasse has appeared whence immense flames and streams of lava are being thrown out. The course of the River Geonchaika has been altered in consequence of its bed being dammed with earth which had been disturbed by the earthquake.

Battalions of guards and detachments of soldiers with tents have been dispatched to Shamaka to aid in the work of rescue. The Red Cross Society is active in alleviating distress.

DOYLE A TYPICAL BRITON.

Dr. Conan Doyle was born in 1859 and is a tall, heavily built man, whose open-air life is evidenced in his face. He may, perhaps, be best described as typically British. Before devoting himself entirely to writing Dr. Doyle had been a ship's doctor, a military doctor, a general practitioner, in both town and country, and a specialist.

An expensive luxury: Mr. O'Toole (entering doctor's office)—Shure, doctor, Oi think Oi have appendicitis. Dr. Smith—Nonsense, man! You haven't money enough for that.—Judge.

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